

The Republican.

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TO THE REPUBLICANS OF THE ISLAND OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Dorchester Gaol, May 26,

CITIZENS,

Year 3, of the Spanish Revolution.

It is my duty to apologize to you this week for filling another number of this work with an answer and explanation to the further attacks made upon me by Mr. Hunt. What were his motives for beginning it, I cannot rightly say; they must be best known to himself, but I felt it to be a duty I owed to you, as well as to myself, to clear myself of the motives and imputations he had thrown around me. This I trust I have now satisfactorily done, wherever I have found him touching upon any one point. General assertion can only be met by general denial. I will not say that I will not notice any thing he may say of me hereafter, but it must be something that exceeds my present powers of imagination, as to what he can say, if I do notice it.

In getting other persons to put their names to abuse and falsehoods that Mr. Hunt himself was ashamed of, and in one instance the name of a woman! has exhibited a meanness on his part which I could have thought no man in his station in life would have ever publicly exhibited. The very tools he has borrowed are abashed at the situation in which he has placed them. So careless has he been about what he got them to sign their names to, that he has brought down contempt and execration upon them among all who know them.

It has been the peculiar misfortune of Mr. Hunt throughout his political life, to counteract, by some mishap or private quarrel, on one day the well acquired popularity of the former. Wherever he has picked a quarrel, or found an opponent, he has never been scrupulous about his means of attack: he has never been an honourable enemy, and in almost every private quarrel that he has been engaged we

have found him come off with ultimate disgrace from the use of dishonourable means. The late manner in which he has retracted all his abuse of Sir Francis Burdett is a proof of my assertion. I am one of those who have constantly thought that the plucking off the feathers with which Sir Francis had been decked by an unmerited popularity, has been a very useful public and political act, not that ever I could see any wavering or inconsistency on the part of the Baronet, but, on the contrary, I have ever thought him both sincere and uniformly consistent. The evil has been that the mind of the people has marched, and Sir Francis has not been disposed to march with it. He at one time called upon the people to advance, but when they did advance he halted and kept in their rear. He has never been any thing more than an Independent Whig, or a Whig unconnected with the Whig Club. As a private character, it is well known the Baronet is generous to a fault among friends, but as a public character, he is, not inconsistently, an Aristocrat, and one who wishes to change the measures or the men, and not the form of the thing of a Government under which we live. With such a man as Sir Francis Burdett I would never quarrel, nor use any abuse towards him. I shall always look at him as I would at an unfashionable thrown aside garment. The politics of Sir Francis Burdett are not now the prevailing fashion, but as an unfashionable garment may be useful to those who have none, so the humanity of Sir Francis Burdett is useful wherever it bears, or on whomsoever it falls. The popularity which the Baronet once held as a political character was obtained more by glitter and tinsel than as the result of any sound political principles. Time has tarnished the tawdry tinsel, and the Baronet has neglected to substitute in its place the pure gold of purer principles. He possesses the common aristocratical failing of desiring to confine the human mind to existing institutions, and if the word *Esquire* could be changed for the word *Baronet*, Mr. Hunt would be nothing more than Sir Francis Burdett now is, as a political character, and in no wise equal to him as a private character. Sir Francis Burdett has not advanced towards Mr. Hunt as a political character, Mr. Hunt has gone back to Sir Francis Burdett. The Baronet is still consistent, and if he had advanced towards Mr. Hunt, I do not know that he would have been inconsistent; but going back is very different when sound principles were only to be found by advancing.

Towards Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Hunt has promised a forbearance of abuse, and I sincerely hope he will be wise enough to extend that forbearance on the other side, and let it reach to me. I shall be sorry ever to have occasion to repel another falsehood from him, or any one who may lend him their names.

It is important to you, Republicans, that however humble the advocates of your principles may be, they should exhibit a clear moral character to the world, and be able to repel and disprove every charge to the contrary. It is upon this view of the matter that I take the liberty to fill the pages of "The Republican," with such letters as I have addressed to Mr. Hunt; and that there may never be occasion to write or print any more such, cannot be the more earnest wish of any one, than of

R. CARLILE.

TO MR. HENRY HUNT, ILCHESTER GAOL.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, May 24, 1822.
FOR the third, and I now think the last time, I take up my pen to repel the falsehoods which you continue to put forth in the appendage to "*The Memoirs of Henry Hunt, Esq., written by Himself.*" I am fully sensible that this species of jarring will neither do you or me any good, and it must do both a momentary injury; although, for my part, I am quite easy about the result. It makes no part of my disposition ever to have begun the quarrel with you: it arose from a dastardly attempt on your part to trample upon me when you thought I was knocked down by the common enemy, with a hope of making your peace with that enemy. All I require is, that you, and every reader of this letter, should bear in mind, that you drove me to resent the attempts you were making to injure me in the esteem of that portion of the people whose warm esteem I am proud in possessing. You are the first, I am happy to say you have been the only man (excepting your Knight Errant, whose sentiments I shall shew in the course of this letter to be rather volatile and not of much value or weight on any side,) who has ventured publicly, or to my knowledge, to impeach my public conduct or my private motives. I have fully explained in my former Letters, published in the 9th and

15th Numbers of Vol. V. of this Work, the manner of doing and the groundless cause you had for doing it, and it now remains, in this Letter, for me to shew the public that you and your Knight Errant have published some further wanton and barefaced falsehoods. I will not content myself as you have done in this general assertion, I will particularize and demonstrate them to the satisfaction of *even yourself*, if you can feel satisfaction under such proofs.

I take up the subject in the order of its publication by you, and the first sentence I have to notice is at page 4, of No. 33, of your Address to your "beloved friends, fellow-countrymen and countrywomen," (that *beloved* is a word of cant, the word of a Priest, not genuine, but perhaps *platonie*!) After some very evasive reasoning about what Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, and Vote by Ballot would do, in which not one word is said about what the cherished check-mates, the Monarchy and Aristocracy, (the King and Lords) would do to prevent the conclusions drawn, you observe, "I have been led into this train of reasoning in consequence of another violent attack that has been made upon me by Mr. Carlile, because I do not choose to avow myself a Republican, and an enemy to all religion." This is false. I have not made any attack upon you upon any such grounds, nor for any such reasons; my Letters to you have been answers to wanton attacks and wilful falsehoods respecting my conduct and motives.

In the next sentence you again repeat a charge that I have fabricated falsehoods about you: this I deny, and again challenge you to the proof of one. Assertion will not do in a case of this kind: disprove one statement, and you will have done something to shake the whole. Yes, after I had told you the only authority I had about the men coming armed to the Manchester Meeting, you then up and said it was not true, and that there was no proposition made to you of the kind. This is a delicate subject to touch upon, but I know what I am now writing will be read to a greater extent in Lancashire than in any other county, and I appeal from your assertion to every Reformer in that county, whether there was not a general disposition to come to that Meeting armed; whether representations were not understood to have been made to you upon the subject; and whether the answer of Mr. Hunt was not as common as if it had been made by proclamation, that the Reformers should bring no other arms to that Meeting than a good conscience—if they did he would not meet them. This is

the only exception you have taken to any statement that I have made, and against that exception I make my appeal to those who must be the competent judges of the matter in dispute. Let the Reformers of Lancashire decide this part of the matter. I protest that I have stated nothing as invention: I know that for me to propagate a falsehood among them would be like throwing myself into a river with a mill-stone about my neck. I shall stand or fall by their decision, as it is from them that I derive a very large portion of my support. You had filled them with that right notion, that they would never have liberty until they turned out and fought for it, and they prepared, and of course thought you had prepared likewise.

The next point on which you cavil is a false assumption of an expression of mine; you say, "The story of the 'linking of arms' is well told; (mark that, Mr. Hunt, 'well told!') but it is a barefaced falsehood, invented by Hulton to justify himself, and adopted by Carlile for a much baser purpose." Now I refer to my Letter in "The Republican" of the 1st of March, and I find that I have used no such words as "*linking of arms*;" it is a false imputation of yours. I knew well that the evidence of that nature was denied at York when brought forward by Hulton, and I knew that you were right upon that subject; therefore I could not use any such phrase, the idea never entered my mind. My expression was, "*linked themselves as compact as possible*:" now, linking arms is far from being the most compact mode, and in a large body of people it is not practicable, and in no instance is it common but to make a lane or to form a ring. If I had used the words "*jammed or pressed themselves*," I should have expressed my meaning better, but I deny that my expression implied a "linking of arms;" it has been perverted to this sense for a base purpose of yours, and not for an exposure of a "*much baser purpose*" of mine. But much as has been said about this *linking of arms*, it is a matter of perfect indifference and nothingness. It relates to nothing, and proves nothing beyond the simple act itself. It answered your purpose, and you were right to invalidate the evidence of Hulton, but even if the linking of arms had occurred, it would have been a proof above every other that the people did not throw stones or brickbats, or make any thing like a resistance to the military. There could have been no better proof of the absence of violence or resistance on the part of the people, than the act of linking themselves together in the face of a

mounted cavalry regiment coming upon them. Would it have been an act of violence to stand firm and motionless to be cut down, even if the object had been to save the life of another? I think not. It would have been a species of fidelity or martyrdom towards you, as it really was in many instances, and not an act of resistance, nor a *runaway* act as you called it.

The next point, where you say, as a palliation of your former meaning about the *runaway multitude*, that it was the duty of the people to run away, and the duty of the leader not to run, is a paltry evasion and shuffle of the first assertion. If the act of the Yeomanry Cavalry was unlawful, it was the duty of both to resist, or both to retreat and seek a better opportunity for resistance than offered at that moment. There was no other duty connected with the matter. When the cavalry were advancing to the hustings there was no idea that they were coming upon the pretence of a warrant. The warrant was a mere pretence; the dispersion of the Meeting, and the intimidation of those who attended it, were the whole and the sole objects both of Magistrates and the Yeomanry Cavalry. The warrant was only a subterfuge, an excuse for those objects.

The story about the letters will exhibit you and your Gentleman-Journeyman in as clear a light as I could wish. Your joint lies are bound down to dates; so let me arrange them. In No. 30, of your "Memoirs," in noticing that I had addressed a letter to you, you observe, that you have received a letter from one of the parties attacked, and that "The Gentleman begins his letter—'Dear Sir, I have this moment read Carlile's statement respecting you; if these facts are as much misrepresented as those with which I am connected, it is indeed an atrocious string of falsehoods.'" Now, mark! "By another letter I find that Mrs. Fildes, of Manchester, has come in for her share, and that she has written to Mr. Carlile to contradict all that he has stated; and another (which makes the third letter) says, all that he has insinuated against Mr. Harrison, of Stockport, is an infamous falsehood." Now, here are three letters mentioned relating to three distinct objects, or a pretended contradiction by three persons of different parts of my letter in No. 9, Vol. V. of "The Republican." Knowing, as I did, that I had not attacked or made the least allusion to any gentlemen in that letter; knowing that I had said nothing disreputable of Mrs. Fildes, I, of course, concluded that it was all an invention of yours, and challenged you to say

who were the authors, or the authors themselves to make the same statement to me. Mark, again! In the 33d Number of your "Memoirs" you say, "*The two letters which I alluded to in the 30th Number of my "Memoirs," I have by me, and the extracts I made from them, shall be produced for the perusal of any honourable man who will promise me that the names of the writers shall not be given up to the vulgar assassin of private character.*" Here the number is reduced to two letters, but in the next Number of your "Memoirs" your Knight Errant has reduced the number to one, and avows himself the author. Your Journeyman, Robert Wilde, or Wild Robert, just as you like, to find you one author, avows himself to be the "*Gentleman*" who wrote to you and complained of being attacked! I will give you his words, or perhaps your own, for the signature is nothing to the point. At page 30, of the appendage to No. 34, of the "*Memoirs of Henry Hunt, Esq., written by Himself,*" (that *Esquire* sounds so pretty when used by oneself,) the Gentleman-Journeyman is made to say, "I avow myself to be the author of the letter; I used the very words quoted, in my letter to Mr. Hunt, informing him that you had been abusing him in "*The Republican*;" and that through him you attacked every one in any way concerned in the Manchester Meeting; but that if I might judge of the whole from what I know of the matter, it was an atrocious string of falsehoods, which I now repeat, and which I had told you of long before you wrote that letter. Mr. H. could not have seen your "*Republican*" at that time, for it was not until the 9th that he sent it. I also informed him, on the authority of a person from Manchester, that Mary Fildes had written a letter to you before yours of the 1st of March appeared, contradicting your vague statements about the Meeting. It now remains for you to prove your assertions, or say you cannot do it." You have proved them for me, Mr. Wilde, or Mr. Hunt. Of all the lying I ever witnessed upon paper, this is the most barefaced, the most glaring. In another part of the same article this Mr. Wilde avows himself to be the person, too, who defended Mr. Harrison, so that Mr. Hunt's three letters are here at once reduced to one, and his Journeyman the avowed Gentleman who wrote them! Now it is come to this, let Mr. Wilde say who was the clergyman on the hustings that gave him the information about the two Atheists. So here it is evident, that it is the lies of the Gentleman-Journeyman that you, Mr. Hunt, wanted to screen from "the vulgar as-

sassin of private character," and not the names of any other persons, whom if there had been such, and if they had had any private characters or public ones either that were honest, they might not have feared attack. I now repeat, you have no such names to give up; your Gentleman-Journeyman has exposed your falsehood. This is what comes of dishonesty and falsehood. No man but himself can be the assassin of his private character. It is not in the power of a second person to destroy private character. Moral virtue spurns and scoffs at the shafts of malignity. But I have not even attacked private character. I appeal to every reader of whatever I have written to say whether it was ever any part of my principles to attack private character. I shall be obliged to do it in the course of this letter, but if you dislike it, you should have been more careful of the words you have used towards me.

It ill became Henry Hunt to charge me with vulgarity, when the common charge against himself, and a reason assigned by many good men for not acting with him publicly was, a vulgarity of manner that was inseparable from his every action in public. Did I ever from a public hustings denounce two men as having been guilty of unnatural crimes, who were utter strangers to me? This you did at Westminster and at Bristol; the one case I witnessed with shame, the other I heard from the mouth of a Bristol freeman, and both I believe have been noticed in the Public Papers. You call me "the vulgar assassin of private character?" I dare you to the publication of a sentence of my writing, or speaking, that will support the foul charge. You call my answer to Mr. Wilde a vulgar and an impudent answer. It is neither the one nor the other. His letter to me was an insult, and a robbery to the bargain, and as such I treated it. I appeal to any man who has seen it to say whether the nicest impartiality would have required or justified my insertion of that letter in "The Republican." If I have not already shewn that you set him to bark at me with a hope of drawing my attention from you, I have no fear but I shall do it before I close this letter. I do not envy you the appearance of such a correspondence in your publication, although I am by no means ashamed of what I wrote to the man. I did waste half a sheet of paper upon the first note to him, because his sheet was filled up, but the second was written in a few minutes on the back of his own letter, and returned to him by the return of the mail the same day. Mr. Wilde had not the least ground to address

a letter to me upon the subject, and in doing it he can be only considered a meddling fool, unless he has done it for pay, and in either case he will but get laughed at, for the *hotch-potch* you have made of the matter between you cannot fail to raise a laugh upon both of you, if not something in the shape of indignation and contempt. I really do not believe that he ever wrote you any such letter, for I cannot think that you would designate him a Gentleman. I call my shopmen in London, in Prison or out, my friends, but if I were to style them as Gentlemen, I should expect they would receive it as an insult, and that I should get laughed at by all who knew it to the bargain. In applying the term *Journeyman* to Mr. Wilde I do not use it contemptuously, I was many years a journeyman, and thought as much of myself then as now: I pay no respect to rank; the man who earns an honest livelihood by his hands, is as high in rank as he who lives upon the labour of others, and higher in my eye. I put in the phrase as a contrast to your appellation of Gentleman: the skit is intended to apply to you, not to Mr. Wilde.

I have not yet done with the falsehoods of the last quoted article from the Gentleman-Journeyman's letter. He attempts to bear out your assertion and contradict mine, about your having a copy of "The Republican" of the 1st of March, before you on the 11th of that month: he says, you could not so have it, for it was not until the 9th that you sent it. I must leave you and him to make sense of that sentence. I cannot. The next is worse; in mentioning that he was the person who gave you information that Mary Fildes had written to me, he says, he informed you, upon the authority of a person from Manchester, that Mary Fildes had written a letter to me before mine of the 1st of March, contradicting my vague statements about the meeting. He might as well have said before the Manchester meeting had taken place while he was about a lie. My vague statement was not in print before the 1st of March, yet he says, Mary Fildes answered it before that day, whilst the letter in her name was dated the 18th of that month, and you had anticipated it by a week, and your Gentleman-Journeyman seems to have had a touch of the prophetic upon the matter in giving you the necessary information. Do you wish any more of it Mr. Hunt? What do you now think of your man's *sticking to the truth*? Will you venture to call this exaggeration, perversion, and fabrication of mine? Mary Fildes never

sent me a written letter, and I believe that she never wrote any thing of the kind for the "Manchester Observer."

You have another statement of the case about these letters, which contradicts both yourself and your Gentleman-Journeyman at the same time. This Trinity, this three in one and one in three, not Gods but letters, is quite as mysterious as the God-head of your holy religion. Following on your last notice of this matter in your No. 33, you say: "As for Mr. Carlile's insinuations, that I had set Mr. Wilde to abuse him, I will show him that it is as false as the rest of his insinuations and assertions. Mr Wilde wrote me to say, that Carlile had been publishing some infamous falsehoods relating to the Manchester meeting, and as he, Mr. Wilde was present, and upon the hustings the whole time, he had written a letter to Mr. Carlile upon the subject, which completely refuted his false statements; but as Mr. Carlile had refused to insert it in his publication, and had returned him an impudent and a vulgar answer, he asked permission to have it published in the addenda of the thirty-second number of my Memoirs." Here you see you represent Mr. Wilde as not writing to you until after he had written to me and received the vulgar answer. Now his first letter to me I see is dated, according to his own printed copy, on March 26, and did not reach me until the 31st. He got my vulgar note on the 1st of April I expect, and at any rate you could not have the letter you represent above until April, whereas Mr. Wilde himself asserts that he was the "Gentleman" whose letter you quoted from on the 11th of March, as a trinity in unity and unity in trinity, as before noticed! Should you like any more of it Mr. Hunt? Do not attempt to expose any more of my "insinuations" and "lyings" unless you can take more care of yourself than you have done hitherto.

There is nothing further in the 33d number of your Memoirs that requires notice, save where you speak of some persons as the victims of my cupidity! It is difficult to be satisfied as to the application of these words. The literal meaning is that there are women whom I have seduced and deserted and to whom you point my attention when I quit this Gaol. I felt indignant and astonished at the phrase although you may not have meant it as your readers must receive it. Cupidity is a derivation from the word Cupid and signifies lust, or amatory wantonness: now the inference from the phrase is, that there are some half-dozen or dozen of

other men's wives, or young wards, who have been the victims of a platonic disposition on my part, and whom as you intimate, require my support when I quit this Gaol. I certainly expect you to clear up this point. At first I thought you meant my shopmen who are imprisoned, but you speak of them as "poor fellows," in a distinct manner, and the "victims of my cupidity" in addition, seems to carry some hidden meaning. The "poor fellows" you speak of, are better provided for than they would be in your employ at the grain-roasting and grinding, and are happier than any man whom you have employed in London have been, always save and except the Gentleman-Journeyman, and more I shortly hope to be able to do for the others as some of them get released and my expenses become lessened. I leave nothing undone that I can do for them, and I do not think that one of them would wish himself at your mercy and generosity in preference to mine.

I have now to deal with the wanton lies published at your instance in No. 34 of your Memoirs. You must be responsible for them, for although, they do not bear your name; I can trace your marks of identity upon them, you wrote the out-line if not the whole. First, I must recommend you to buy a dictionary for your Gentleman-Journeyman if you make any further use of him as an author, or caution him not to borrow words without knowing their meaning beforehand. To issue a *veto* for the attendance of a person or persons, is an expression of that kind which we unjustly attribute to the sole phraseology of Irishmen. Every thing relating to the Manchester Meeting I have fully explained. Here is an alleged quotation again, as if I had used the phrase, *linking arm-in-arm*! I said nothing about linking arms. The remainder best answers itself.

Your statement that I acknowledge a profit of 200 per cent on my books is false, I refer you to my letter of the 1st of March for correction, if you can endure the thought of reperusing it. You were the first to bring up the subject of profits, and I shewed you that it did not become you so to do. My assertion that your wholesale profit on the breakfast powder was 150 per cent was true, and you admit the proof in the midst of an attempt to contradict it by saying, that persons sold it at 4d. per lb. You say they did not know the way to manufacture it; I am informed they were men whom you had ill used, and who had been in the habit of manufacturing it for you, so they must have known the way of the "real manufacture." All talk about the *real*

manufacture is a quackery and puff. The best grain roasted and ground in the best manner must form the best powder. It is possible to give it a flavour of a different quality by mixing different kinds of grain, or pulse, or berries, or by adding different ingredients, but this must form an adulteration of the professed article, and perhaps render it as pernicious as it would have been otherwise nutritious. I have never seen more than two specimens of this roasted grain; the one was yours, and the other was prepared by another person with whom I am much closer acquainted than ever I was with you. Yours I have no hesitation in pronouncing was decidedly the best, from a better manner of roasting. This was on its first appearance, in the spring of 1820. I could not make a breakfast from either, and sent both packets back to London, and this at a time when I was neither using tea or coffee. You call coffee deleterious and unwholesome stuff, but give me leave to say that your substitute, further than as a war upon the revenue, is not worthy of mention with good coffee. Those who may roast grain for themselves will find a sprinkling of mustard and ginger in powder, a great improvement to the flavour, and a wholesome addition as a pectoral or medical property. But I would beg to remind the industrious part of the people, that there are many grasses and herbs in this country that make an excellent tea if carefully gathered and dried. The common meadow hay is in my opinion preferable to the roasted grain, to make a beverage pleasant and nutritious, where the mind can be raised above the prejudice of habit. Those who love milk, butter, and cheese, need not feel a prejudice towards the use of grass or hay; whatever is nutritious in the former, is scarce any thing but a chemical solution of the latter. Chinese tea is but the leaf of a shrub, and in point of cleanliness, considering whence it comes, and how it is gathered and dried, clean meadow hay cannot be half so objectionable. There is a grass, called five leaf grass, pleasant as a tea, and excellent as a febrifuge. This is a digression for public good. To the point of exposure again.

Grain of every kind does not now cost one penny per lb. Roasting it does not diminish its weight above one third, according to my supposition; therefore it may be sold ground with a very good profit at fourpence per lb. As a proof that it can be done, you say it has been done, but when you say that Mrs. Carlile bought it for that price and sold it at one shilling as yours, you state, she declares to me, a falsehood; she never bought any powder at any such

a price, and never sold as yours any but yours. As it is necessary here to give a history of this Breakfast Powder, I will copy what you say about it. I address you direct, because it must be your assertion, Mr. Wilde could know nothing but from you about what passed between you and Mrs. Carlile, as the Knight Errant did not make his pilgrimage to the Saint, until after Mrs Carlile was in this Gaol.

You observe, under the pretence of a first letter to me by Robert Wilde: "I believe you say you make your calculation of profit from what Mrs. Carlile sold in Fleet Street, forgetting that she bought most of it of people who had scarcely any rent or taxes to pay, and who knew as little about the real way of manufacture as you do, at 4d. per pound, and sold it at 1s. per pound, as '*Hunt's Genuine Breakfast Powder!*' and that she had Mr. Hunt's bills in the window to enable her to carry on the fraud more effectually; and indeed she so far succeeded as to *physic* all her customers with the stuff, to the great injury of both her own and every other person's sale." Mrs. Carlile is sitting by me at the time of writing this, and she declares it to be a vile falsehood, which she authorizes me to explain as follows, as I myself am ignorant of every thing relating to this Breakfast Powder, it having sprung up since I left London. But let us hear nothing more from you about wounding female bosoms: if the plain truth will wound the bosoms of the females of your family, how much more must such a falsehood, such a charge of fraud, wound the bosom of Mrs. Carlile: particularly whilst she is a prisoner and cannot personally contradict your statement, or in any way, but through my pen? This is a specimen of your gallantry, for your Gentleman-Journeyman must have had his information from you, for reasons before stated.

Now for Mrs. Carlile's answer: Mr. Griffin, of Holborn Hill, was the first person to bring out the Breakfast Powder; though I believe it may have arisen from a knowledge of your intention to do it. Mrs. Carlile had promised to sell for you, but before you were ready she had sold a considerable quantity for Mr. Griffin, and as soon as you were ready she took it entirely from you, by doing which, she lost the esteem of Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, who thought themselves ill used in your having the sole preference. She further declares to me that before you were guilty of a most scurvy trick towards her, she never sold the powder made by any other person in conjunction with yours. Being in the habit of sending book parcels into the country, she re-

ceived orders for the Breakfast Powder, and you promised her that if she would send it, you would allow her a commission of one penny in a pound, but that she was to be responsible for bags and money. Her country orders increased, and you pretended as an *act of kindness*, that where she had large orders, it would be as well for your people to take it from the Manufactory to the Waggon Office, and save her the trouble of receiving it and sending it from Fleet Street; adding, you would continue the commission where she received the orders, on the condition that she should be responsible for money and bags. After having received orders, and getting you to send two hundred weight to Bristol, she received the money; and on paying you, and expecting to have her commission price, you insisted that she had no right to any thing of the kind, as she had had no trouble with it, because your people had taken it to the Waggon Office! Here she had a complete specimen of your meanness in money matters, and considered your act of getting away her orders a complete trick and fraud; and on account of this act of yours she resolved not to sell your powder in preference to any other persons, and only to those who asked direct for Hunt's Powder. Before this time she declares that she sold yours alone.

She says, that so far from the sale ever falling off, it actually went on increasing every week, until the seizure took place, and even at the time that she tricked the Excisemen with the bag of ashes, she had six hundred weight of your powder in the house. She says, that for many weeks before that seizure took place, she paid you weekly for six and seven hundred weight, and that you hardly ever took a bill from her without counting her profits; forgetting that your own doubled them. As for the bills in the window, she can only account for the exhibition of your bill alone because there were no others printed by her other dealers, and yours were exhibited at your own request, and rather against her will. It was the general seizure of the powder which damped the sale, because, after that time, the thing was sold as a smuggled article, and only to persons who were known; at least, this was the case in Fleet Street. She further states, that many persons preferred Mr. Griffin's Powder from having some peculiar flavour given it, and a Mr. Blandford's was considered preferable even to yours. At the time the seizure took place many persons bought utensils for preparing it themselves, determined to continue it as a matter of principle. All this explains the falling off of

your sale, but it is a wanton and infamous falsehood to attribute that falling off to Mrs. Carlile. I have no fear but either mine or Mrs. Carlile's private character will bear a scrutiny that yours will not, though we do not intend to paint it better than it is, by writing our own Memoirs. We fear nothing that you can say against either of us: so do your worst; but, whatever you say, let it be public that we may answer it if we can.

I do not feel bound to defend every thing that Mrs. Carlile did at Fleet Street, she sold, and refused to sell, many things against my will; but in regard to the Breakfast Powder, I never interfered; and, if I had interfered, it would have been to advise her to sell whosoever was considered best; had I been in London I should not have mixed up the sale of any such thing with books, even though it had been prepared by Mr. Hunt. I am of opinion that Mrs. Carlile did more for you than you had any fair reason to expect, considering the disposition you had shewn towards me, after you found me in prison. Knowing her to possess a very warm temper, as I do, I wonder that she had not refused to sell any thing of the kind for you; particularly as she is one of those who has no mercy or friendly feeling towards you on another account.

I am sorry to find the subject of Parson Harrison is again brought up, and I am told that in attacking a good man without cause I attack every member of society; this I admit, but is the Parson that good man? A high eulogium is passed upon him, and I am told to go and imitate his virtues. I wish he was not a prisoner, but as I am on an equality with him in that respect, I must say what I hear his virtues are, I am told that his coming to Stockport was a matter of necessity from a loss of character and profligacy of manners in two other places, where he had lived as a Schoolmaster and a Preacher of the Gospel. In the first place I hear that he actually seduced a young lady who was entrusted to his care as a pupil, that she proved pregnant by him, and that he was obliged to leave that part of the country. If I mistake not, this happened in the East or South-East part of England, I was told the county, but I did not keep the letter; I will not say positively what county, but I think it was Essex. That he opened the same profession in another place in the North, and actually made the same attempt with another female pupil, but was resisted, and was again obliged to leave that spot. That upon this second affair a collection was made

among his friends, who I understand are respectable, to send him out to the United States, but he thought, that to put himself among the increasing numbers of the Reformers would answer his purpose for a time, and for this purpose he set himself down as a Reformer at Stockport. I am also informed that he created a strong division, and did much mischief among the Reformers of Stockport, by publicly, in one of his political Gospel discourses, denouncing "The Republican," and advising his congregation not to read it. This latter circumstance would justify my attack upon him, but I should not have made it, had I not been driven to it by your first contrasting his conduct with mine, then by charging me with stating infamous falsehoods of him, and lastly holding him up to the Public as an example of every thing that is great and good. My informant is a Stockport man, and so great is my confidence in him that I have no fear that his information will be questioned. It came, as I before observed, unasked, and I believe my informant did it as an act of duty, to make me acquainted with the true character of the man. It happened rather singularly that the information came to me just at the moment that you must have been writing that attack upon me, and making that comparison.

The carelessness and the wantonness of your attack upon me through your Gentleman-Journeyman, cannot be better evinced than where I am represented as complaining about sleeping upon a Gaol bedstead. Now the fact is, I have never slept upon a Gaol bedstead in Dorchester Gaol, nor have I represented any such thing. I complained about my Sister being put into a cell, to sleep on an iron bedstead that was a fixture and left no room for another. It is insinuated that I have never possessed a bedstead in London. This part of the attack is scarcely worth my notice, for whoever knew me in London, or any where else, would throw down the insinuation on reading it with disgust and contempt for the lying writer. I have felt distress, but I never wanted a bedstead nor a good bed. I can say this boldly, that I never put an article of furniture in my house at the expence of another man, neither *register stoves* nor any thing else. I never occupied any lodgings that I neglected to pay for, and never in my life did I receive an attorney's letter for a debt, nor even a threat of law process; or even keep another man's money in my pocket after I had the means of paying him, nor was I ever abused publicly nor privately for not paying my debts by butchers, nor by wine-merchants.

Having said this Mr. Hunt I feel myself equal or superior to you in many points, and when I am told that what would be cruel treatment to you would not merit a complaint from me, I can only feel contempt for the notion. I have always paid my debts freely, and commanded the respect and the credit of my neighbours, you can do no more Mr. Hunt if you were disposed, therefore I am your equal in every respect. Honesty is riches and greatness in my eye, and I will ever war against aristocratical insolence. It is vain to talk to me about family or fortune, I acknowledge no man to be my superior upon that score. I had many thousand pounds pass through my hands as a tradesman in 1819, I had three persons in the character of shopmen and one maid servant in my employ almost throughout that year, and yet I am to be told by Mr. Hunt and his man that the bedstead I found in Dorchester Gaol was a luxury to me! I certainly objected to Mrs. Carlile's furnishing her house in any thing beyond common necessities, under such a precarious situation as mine was in 1819; but we had at least five bedsteads for the robbers at the end of the year. I am told, that it is a question, whether the same means you once possessed would not have made me any thing but what I now profess to be: this I know, that, I was never a violent aristocrat with a family property that was not justly divided; nor did I ever commence patriot after I had broken up or squandered a fortune, and dispersed a family.

In closing the number of your Memoirs, I shall notice the last lie there contained. In a postscript to the third letter the greater portion of which I think was written in Ilchester Gaol, the Gentleman-Journeyman says, that I filled sixty pages of the Republican in addressing you; this excited my curiosity to number them, and I found them to be forty only in both letters, if I allow for the quotations made from your writings which would add three more. This is only worth notice to shew the disposition of my assailants. This same fellow wrote me a letter in January last, in which he stiled himself, "*your admirer in politics and theology!*"

I do not think that any thing that either you or your man can write of me will induce me to notice it publicly in future. If you carry the game any further I shall continually point the attention of the public to my three letters to you; and if I see it to be necessary I will take care that they shall make a tour throughout Great Britain in the most compact and cheapest form. If ever a man was answered in any questions or insinuations that he put forth, you have been

answered by me. I have passed over nothing, and I have now only to set at rest the question about the subscription money in my possession. To do this I cannot do better than transcribe a letter I had sketched for the purpose of forwarding this money to Mr. Johnson in Lincoln Gaol in 1820: and the reasons why this letter and money were never forwarded, I will state afterwards.

“ TO MR. JOSEPH JOHNSON, LINCOLN GAOL.

“ SIR,

“ Dorchester Gaol, Oct. 1, 1820.

“ HAVING received, just before the breaking up of my business, the amount of nine pounds odd shillings, in various small sums, towards the relief of the sufferers at the Manchester Massacre Meeting, I now use the discretion of transmitting to you the sum of £10. to be equally divided between yourself and fellow-prisoners, Mr. Healy and Mr. Bamford. It will be expected that I give some reason for holding this money so long, which I shall do, I trust, satisfactorily, at least, to the various persons who subscribed it.

“ Immediately after the Massacre was known in London, a Meeting was convened at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, at which Mr. Samuel Ferrand Waddington, then of Lewisham, but late an eminent merchant of the city of London, presided, and Major Cartwright, Mr. Wooler, and a few others, conducted the business of the Meeting. A subscription for the relief of the sufferers was unanimously resolved, Major Cartwright was appointed the Treasurer, and, amongst others, I was appointed a Receiver by the Meeting and subsequently by public advertisement. Agreeable to this appointment, I received the greater portion of the sum I now transmit to you. A Palace-Yard Meeting taking place soon after, in furtherance of the same object, a string of resolutions were carried, and a subscription resolved, without the least notice of what had been done at the Crown and Anchor Tavern. It was evident to all that this second Meeting was a mere electioneering trick on the behalf of Mr. Hobhouse, by Sir Francis Burdett and his partizans, for Major Cartwright, ever disposed for union and unanimity, attended this Palace-Yard Meeting, and was grossly insulted by the partizans above-mentioned, and being, with Mr. Gale Jones and many others, thrust back and violently kept back, the whole of the talking was usurped by Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Hobhouse. At this Meeting Major Cartwright was appointed a Joint Treasurer with (I believe) a Mr. Galloway; but the Major, seeing the trick that had been practised, and feeling the insult that had been personally offered to him, on retiring home, wrote a letter to Sir Francis Burdett, in which he expressed his feelings on the occasion, and declined any participation in the Treasurership.

" A Meeting having taken place in Southwark on the same occasion, a junction of the Committees finally took place under the title of the Metropolitan Committee. In the mean time, before this Committee was fully and regularly formed, I happened to be present at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, when the business of completing a Committee was going on, and was proposed by some person present to become a member; this I declined, on the ground that the number of prosecutions against me, and the near approach of the time of trial, would prevent my acting as an efficient member. I was then asked whether I would receive subscriptions, as my house was well situated for that purpose; to this I acceded, as I had already been announced as a Receiver for the same object, and an order was made to the Secretary to enter my name as such. A few days after, I had a formal book of receipt authorized by the Committee left at Fleet Street, but I saw with surprize that my name, day after day, was not noticed in the advertisements of persons appointed to receive, and I felt a disinclination to continue receiving under such circumstances, and actually refused various sums. I complained to the Collector of what I conceived to be an insult, in the omission of my name, and gave him back his book. I was told by different persons that the alleged reason for the omission of my name was the supposition that it would excite religious prejudices, but I was not satisfied with any such excuse, and saw no right that I had to receive for that Committee that could allow Messrs. Galloway, Richter, and Sargeant, the Secretary at £3 per week, to use any such discretion with its resolutions.

" Having received this insult from those three persons, for it was they alone who made the subscription a sort of corporate interest, or were the acting agents of that political corporation in Westminster that has uniformly corrupted every public matter with which it has meddled, I resolved not to hand them the money I had received by a first and other appointment; and Major Cartwright having refused any concern in the Treasurership, I considered I was left to act upon my own discretion with the money I had received, so that I applied it justly; particularly, as I saw there was no union among the Committee existing, and that there were violent disputes and public protests about the application of the funds.

" I made no secret of having this money, but mentioned it in particular to Mr. Hunt, to Mr. West, and to Mr. Fulham of St. Luke's. My intention was to send it to Manchester as soon as I saw a Committee of Distribution appointed in that town, but I am not aware that any such Committee was ever appointed out of the inhabitants of Manchester; as, by what I recollect, the Westminster Committee assumed the right of distribution as well as of collection. In the midst of this unsettled affair my trials came on, and then the sentence which removed me to this Gaol, shut up my shop, and finally cleared the house of its contents. At this moment I had something else to think about; and as soon as I could get the shop opened by Mrs. Carlile, I found for months quite enough to do to

live, by collecting and making the best of the wreck of my property. The moment I found Mrs. Carlile began to recover herself, I urged the necessity of the payment of this subscription-money somewhere, but she feeling that she had had to commence business almost penniless, and that this subscription-money had fallen into the hands of our Robbers, did not feel the same urgency upon the matter as I did. However, last month she visited me, and it was agreed, that as early as possible it should be forwarded to Lincoln Gaol for distribution as before-mentioned, as a separate subscription, I see, is going on for Mr. Hunt, and none for you and your fellow-prisoners. This appearing to me the only just and proper application, I must beg your acceptance of the enclosed accordingly.

" I am, Sir, respectfully yours,

" R. CARLILE."

Now the reason this letter and money were not forwarded to Mr. Johnson, was simply this. After Mrs. Carlile had returned to London, two or three weeks, and at the time I had hoped she would have been able to have sent off the money; she wrote me to say, that she must defer it some weeks until she could make some return by the new edition of the Political Works of Paine, she was then struggling to complete; for she had actually incurred a considerable debt with both Stationer and Printer for that object, and could not in justice to those and other creditors, pay what she did not feel to be her debt at that moment. Soon after this her own trial and verdict of Guilty took place, which again filled her with agony on account of her children, and I did not press the payment of this money any further; as there was a full £100 debt on the business when she came to Dorchester Gaol. It happened that my printer came down to see me at the same time with Mrs. Carlile in September 1820, and was witness to the agreement about sending the money to Mr. Johnson: although he, knowing we were short of cash for the job he had in hand for us, sided with Mrs. Carlile, and said he could not see after what happened to us that the money was due any where. I told him that I saw plainly Mr. Hunt was trying to trample me down, and as Mr. Hunt knew, from my information, that I had received this money, he would be sure, on some future day to make a handle of it for some sinister purpose. This was at the moment that the National Prayer came out. As it has so turned out, I am now happy that I published having possession of it last year, before any one even hinted it to me. I then purposed paying it into the Great Northern Union that was then in embryo, but the

avowed object of that Union has been so corrupt, that I have never felt justified in so doing. After looking about for a proper object for this money, I think I can award it in a manner at which no one can in justice complain, although it will be a deviation from the purpose for which it was subscribed. That purpose is gone by, and I have lately, for the first time, seen a letter from Joseph Swann, who is to fill out four years and a half in Chester Castle, describing his distress and that of his family, which letter I sent to the Printer, for the Republican immediately on receiving it, and I had hoped it would have appeared a month since. Joseph Swann has received the heaviest sentence of all the men who are suffering for political conduct, Mr. Hunt's sentence is nothing compared to it, and to Joseph Swann I award this £10; he has acted the part of a hero throughout his troubles, and as he was never any known agent of mine, and as I never heard of his name but through the papers, and this one letter mentioned, I feel no difficulty in awarding him this money.

I think the sum I received was exactly nine pounds fourteen shillings; I recollect but two of the persons who were subscribers, the one was a Captain Harman who lived on the Surrey side of the Thames, who subscribed one pound, and the other was the carpenter who fitted up my shop and subscribed five shillings. Three portions of it were instances where three different gentleman came into the shop to purchase the theological works of Paine, and on putting down a pound note refused the change saying, it might go to that or any subscription for myself. If any Subscriber objects to my award I will give him back his subscription from my own pocket. This then I hope will settle this affair, or as soon as Joseph Swann acknowledges the receipt of the amount. I do not join issue with your Gentleman-Journeyman when he says that the subscription was *bona fide* for the defence at York. The Committee I believe after some abuse from you made an award for that purpose, but it was never the original purport of the subscription, because the particulars of the prosecution were not then known. The subscription I understand was for the wounded sufferers, who I fear never got any thing the less for my holding what I have held. I never heard of any end or settlement to the matter, and I think the thing like most of the subscriptions of that kind, has formed a scramble for the managers and a disappointment to the sufferers.

In "The Memoirs of Henry Hunt Esq. written by him-

self." I see that I am set down as a mushroom politician, of which he has seen hundreds spring up in a day and gone in an hour. I think I may venture to say without being charged with egotism or dogmatism or any other ism, that I have so far proved a mushroom of five years standing, that withers not, and such a one as Henry Hunt can neither trample under foot, nor pluck, nor root. But in the same comparative point of view, if I am the more wholesome mushroom, I think Henry Hunt has a near resemblance to the larger sort of toad-stool, neither fit for sauce nor food, that often gets mistaken for the mushroom by its alluring deceitful appearance and poisons those who partake of it. How do you like the simile Mr. Hunt? It is not the most inapplicable figure I ever saw or heard, and the dry stuff that I have addressed to you requires some relief or something amusing to excite a smile. A dozen years will solve the metaphor and show which is the more palatable, the mushroom or the large sized toad-stool: whilst, in the meantime, this short paragraph may serve as a key to "The Memoirs of Henry Hunt Esq. written by himself."

Let me recommend you Mr. Hunt when you quote any thing from the writings of another for animadversion, to quote a whole sentence. It is neither fair nor honest to dismember a sentence and exhibit the half of it under a sense foreign to the original, as you have done with one of mine. I rejoiced to see you imprisoned because of the scandalous treatment I had received from you after I was myself imprisoned, and not from any other feeling. I am not hypocrite enough to profess to return good for evil, I always wish to see both virtue and vice meet its due reward, which I know to be a principle of nature that it should be so, and which nothing can change or counteract.

Your plan for petitioning the Parliament in its present Session was arranged before your new restrictions were imposed: those restrictions gave a zest to the matter, but you made dead sure of getting out of Gaol by the force or the farce of petitioning. It was to this that my objection applied. It was an abandonment of principle. But a few months before, when Mr. Cobbett addressed the Radicals and told them that they must hold themselves ready for petitioning for a certain purpose, you cried, "Hold! this will be an abandonment of the principles on which we have stood for some time; we have petitioned enough, and in vain; we have resolved to petition no more:" but when the more interesting or weightier matter of getting Henry Hunt

out of Gaol was the question, you proclaim to the Radicals that the most agreeable way of communicating with you was to petition the House of Commons on your behalf, and the old argument about the utility of the discussion was brought up: whilst if I had begun such a thing, and I have had quite as much reason for it as you have had, you would have been the first to scout it, to have proclaimed its inutility, and to have called it cringing, abandonment of principle, and so on. But here the thing was set on foot by you. You tried every scheme in London, but failed in all. Resolutions, ready cut and dried, were sent up to your man Wilde, a vote of thanks cut out for Judge Bailey! and different Members of Parliament were to be allured by votes of thanks for nobody knows what! Wilde Robert announced in different companies that Mr. Hunt had written to town to say that if the Radicals did not resent the treatment he was receiving, they were monsters who deserved eternal slavery!!! All would not do in London! In Leeds so much were you afraid that your petition would meet the fate of the corrupt Address to Sir Charles Wolseley, that the Great Chronicler was ordered there from Manchester to assist. This he actually avowed in a company at Leeds without knowing that he had some few of the Republicans in company with him. It is easy enough to set petitions a going to Parliament, but it is a most degrading game, as well as useless. It may have amused you, but it has availed you nothing more than your own simple statement of your grievances would have done. If ever there be any petitioning for me, I hope it will be by my enemies, the Priests. Prayer is their trade, and nothing can degrade them.

And now, Mr. Hunt, I take my leave of you with a hope that we may agree to differ in silence towards each other, and so differ until we agree in Republican and Deistical principles.

Your fellow-prisoner,

R. CARLILE.

To the magnanimous and illustrious Assertor of Reason, the noble British Youth, on Monday condemned to 18 Months Imprisonment by a Christian Judge and Jury; an Isle of Wight Lady—2s. 6d.

WHICH CHARACTER SUITS BEST,

That of corrupt Judges, or equal and impartial Administrators of Law and Justice?

NEXT to the false delusive and stupid lore about the value and purity of the British Constitution, we may rank the very corrupt eulogiums, which are constantly put forth by very corrupt men, upon our very corrupt Judges. To irritate our minds, and to aggravate our wounded feelings, we are continually dinned with a palaver about the purity of our laws, and their equal administration, and the more than pure characters of our Judges, even whilst we have to complain of the most public wanton corruptions, and the most flagrant acts of injustice, by partialities, and by perversions of such laws as do exist.

I have been led into this article by the sentence lately passed upon Arrowsmith, Shackell, and Weaver, the ostensible proprietors of the John Bull newspaper. For all the infamous lies, the foul slanders, and the cut-throat attacks, that were issued in that paper against the late Queen, Shackell and Weaver are to have three months walk in the King's Bench Prison, with a fine of one hundred pounds each, and Arrowsmith a fine of £300 with no imprisonment! and are we to be told that this is impartiality and comparative justice? Let this be compared with my sentence, with the sentence of Mrs. Carlile; with the sentence of my Sister; with the sentence of Holmes and Rhodes in Giltspur Street Compter; with the sentence of Joseph Swann in Chester Castle; and then where is the man who will say, that Abbott, Bailey, Holroyd, and Best, are any thing short of being very corrupt Judges? That canting hypocrite Bailey, in addressing Arrowsmith, Shackell, and Weaver, observed, we have taken into consideration, that the libels for which you now stand here to receive judgment, were published before the sentence of the Court under which you are now suffering was passed; but if you come here again, we don't know what we will not do to you! This is something of the same sort of treatment that a father would observe towards a froward child; and it was evident that the Judges were eager to be considered the fathers and the patrons of "The John Bull," newspaper, and those connected with it. If those men deserved only such a sen-

tence as was inflicted upon them how dared the Judges, how dared Best to sit and hear Messrs. Denman and Brougham depict their characters in a strain, which, if they had not felt that they deserved it, must have been more cutting than seven years transportation beyond the seas? Never, never was such a case shewn for an aggravation of punishment as was shewn against those men by the counsel for the prosecution, while they dared not offer a word in mitigation in person, or by counsel! Poh! it was all a planned job! Such men were to be shewn what they might do with comparative impunity to support Castlereagh and his nominal master's government. Joseph Swann, a poor man with a wife and four children dependent upon his labour for bread, was tried upon three indictments at one Sessions: the first was for attending a meeting at Macclesfield, where he scarce said or did any thing but look on, and this brought him two years imprisonment: the other two indictments were for selling the Republican, of which he must have sold very few, and whence he got them I know not; he did not get any direct from me, however, for one of these cases he was sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment, for the other to twelve, making altogether four years a half! This, as Bailey would say to Shackell and Co. was not for an accumulation of offences, or a committing of one after punishment had been suffered for a former, but if an offence at all, it ought to have been viewed but as one, and the first. I will warrant it that Swann never dreamt of imprisonment, nor had he any idea of offending against the law in what he did. He was a poor man impressed with the necessity of a Reform in the whole System of Government, and being as honest and as bold as he was poor, he endeavoured to make himself useful in bringing about that Reform. Whatever Swann did it was upon an honest principle, without any view to profit: what Shackell and Co. did was with no other principle or view than to make a gain.

I know Shackell well: he was a Reader in a Printing Office where Mr. Sherwin's Register was printed at its commencement, and consequently the Reader and Corrector of the Register. He was a man who made no profession whatever in politics, but just that sort of man that would do any thing for gain, and stick at nothing so as it counted money into his pocket. Having married the daughter of Griffiths, the Printing-Ink Manufacturer, he found means of going into business in Johnson's Court; and his first step was to go round to the customers of his former employer,

and offer to do their work at more credit and a less price. I have heard those who knew him better than I had an opportunity of knowing him, describe him as any thing but an honest man in all the relations of life! Of Arrowsmith I know nothing; neither did I ever know that Shackell had a real partner. Weaver is evidently a man of straw, or a mere intended scape-goat for the others; but the blockheads have not managed their matters with any degree of cunning, for it is stupidity itself to have more than one ostensible proprietor, printer, and publisher to any paper or periodical publication, as under what is now called law in this country, it is impossible for the most scrupulous person to say what will and what will not come under the denomination of libel. Eager to grasp at the profits, it appears, Master Shackell has forgot to take care of his body, and has hired and had to pay a scape-goat, and to be sacrificed himself to the bargain. What inducements he met with to start such a paper must be best known to himself, but I have always entertained the idea that it was a mere money speculation, and that no principle or line of conduct was determined upon on the appearance of the first number. However it has done one good thing: in the support it has received from the Priests, the Judges, the Aristocracy, the Ministers, and the King; it has evinced, more than any thing else could have done, their corrupt natures and profligate dispositions. In this respect the John Bull newspaper has been a beacon indeed to the people of Great Britain.

Whilst on this subject, I will notice the cases of some women who are confined in this Gaol as convicted felons, which will display forcibly the difference of being subjected to the tempers of different Judges, under the vague nature of what is now called law. In the year 1819, Mr. Justice Best made his first Western Circuit, and in Dorchester he found two women to be tried, the one as a receiver, the other as having stolen some trifling articles from the house of her master. Elizabeth Steel, a young woman, lived a servant with a widow-man a considerable time, during which he resolved to marry again, and brought home a wife accordingly. Preparations, of course, were made to make some improvements in the house for the new wife, and some new articles of furniture were provided. This Elizabeth Steel, the servant, was ordered to prepare some new articles, such as window-curtains, a bed-side carpet, and other articles, and take away the old ones. The wife was brought home, and I understand the servant continued to

live in the house eighteen months after the marriage took place, when the master looked round for the old curtains and the old carpet again, and found them missing. The servant had sold those articles, at the time of substituting the new ones for them, to a farmer's wife in the neighbourhood, and protests that she understood her master meant to give them to her as perquisites, with a few odd articles of china that belonged to the first wife. All this had been disposed of to one woman, as before-mentioned, of the name of Gole or Gould. So many months having passed away, the servant had almost forgotten the matter, but an outcry was made that she had stolen those articles, and that they were seen in use at a neighbour's house. Both the women were arrested, the servant was sent to the Gaol, and the farmer's wife admitted to bail. The Summer Assize came on, both were pronounced guilty, and although the articles in question were mere rags, Mr. Justice Best sentenced the servant to seven years transportation; and after a long and severe harangue about the heinousness of the crime of receiving stolen goods, and after addressing the woman as if she had been a common receiver of stolen goods in such a place as London, on the necessity of making her and all such persons an example, and of dealing out the severity of the law, upon the principle, that if there were no receivers there would be no thieves, he sentenced the farmer's wife to fourteen years transportation! Every one who knew any thing of the case were astounded at the sentence, for the women had borne the best of characters in their respective situations, and it was deemed more a case of mishap than a designed robbery. The servant had been above three years in her place, half of it after the alleged robbery had occurred, and the character of the farmer's wife was considered unimpeachable. An outcry was immediately made, and all the influence of the Gentlemen and Magistrates of the neighbourhood was exerted to obtain a mitigation of this tremendous sentence, for it was seen, that if the robbery was actually intended, and the goods received as known stolen goods, the nature of the articles reduced the degree of crime to the lowest scale. In no instance was more influence used for a mitigation of a sentence by what may be called the Local Authorities, or the Aristocracy of the country, but all in vain; the Secretary of State would comply, but the Judge who tried them was inexorable, and would mitigate nothing of his sentence. At length, every means being tried

in vain, the Secretary of State making a point (not very justly or meritoriously) not to do any thing in opposition to the opinion and approbation of the Judge in those cases, could only promise that they should not be transported. The farmer's wife is in the Penitentiary at Millbank, and the young woman has been now for three years a true, though willing slave on what is called the washing side of this Prison, and the name of Best excites a horror among the prisoners, and is spoken with execration throughout the county. It carries just the same sound as, I recollect when a boy, the name of bloody Judge Heath did in Devonshire.

The contrast is the case of two women who were tried at the last Assizes, of the name of Hurdle. A family of the name of Hurdle has been a complete pest and nuisance in the town of Poole for many years past. A widow with a family of several children has trained up her boys to theft, and her daughters to theft, and prostitution, too, almost before they reached the age of puberty. The mother planned a robbery upon an old woman who was a neighbour, and was supposed to have a little money by her. She was invited to tea with the Hurdles, and after tea she was to be taken out for a walk, whilst those who remained behind were to go and rob her apartments. The thing was done and the burglary brought home to this family almost instantly. Poole being a county town, or a county to itself, they were lodged in its Prison for some time, a mother, two sons, a daughter, and daughter-in-law; but prior to the Assizes were removed to Dorchester Gaol. The daughter, who was about twenty-two years of age, unmarried, but had borne two children, came to this Gaol in a dreadful state of disease, and has since died in the Gaol; which was the end of an elder sister at the same age. The two sons were acquitted, but the mother and daughter-in-law, who was an avowed prostitute also, were found guilty and sentenced for death. The capital part of the sentence was remitted by the Judge, and the whole town of Poole rejoiced at the idea that the old hag would be sent out of the country. The people of the Gaol and the women themselves expected the same, and the daughter-in-law was quite cheerful under the idea of getting into some good keeping abroad: but to the astonishment of every body, and to none more than the women themselves, an order has been received from the Home Department, that the daughter-in-law is to be let off with twelve months imprisonment, and the mother

with eighteen months, and the town of Poole is to be honoured again with as many of the family of the Hurdles as are living at the expiration of those periods!

Contrast the case of Shackell with that of Joseph Swann, and the case of the Hurdles with that of the women, Steel and Gould, and then who will dare to say that there is any thing like an equal administration of law in the country? Who will say the temper of the Judge is not the law? Who will speak of justice? Who will say our Judges are humane and spotless? It may be necessary to say that Mr. Justice Park and Mr. Justice Burrough were the Judges in the case of the Hurdles.

R. CARLILE.

Dorchester Gaol, May 26, 1822.

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

FRIEND CARLILE,

London, May 4, 1822.

THE friends of free discussion—enemies to that novel system of discretionary power, so constantly exerted for the destruction of those independent minds, which have the virtuous courage to expose the bigotry, and illuminate the darkness with which they are surrounded; offer this tribute to you, for your meritorious exertions in the cause of freedom.

The terrible effects of irregular and tyrannical power, were never more fully displayed than in its attack upon your person and property; nor were zeal and perseverance in the vindication of truth and free discussion, by means of the press, ever more boldly manifested, than by the unrelenting persecutions to which your manly and undeviating firmness has, in this reign of vengeance and terror, exposed both your family and yourself.

I likewise enclose for you a sovereign, the second one from Mr. Radicals' in St. James. The other subscriptions are from the very center and focus of corruption in the city of London, viz., the neighbourhood of the Exchange; which, foul as it is, is not without some regenerating sparks, whose brilliant scintillations of reason, are continually playing upon the virulent mass by which they are surrounded.

I remain your sincere admirer,

HOWARD FISH.

P. S. Many persons are desirous of knowing by what right the management of this large Work House, England, still continues in the hands of the squandering firm of Castlereagh Canning & Co. ? and many marvel much, that what is the business of the whole, should be so long in the superintendence of any one part of that whole;

seeing that the said superintendence is so lucrative. They state, that it is nothing more than fair, that themselves or their acquaintances should take a *turn* as foreman in the SHOP, (commonly called the State) for the purpose of aggrandizing their own families and connections, or of having a *lark* as well as other people, with the millions of fools, now the most subservient slaves of the present occupants. Oh, the varlets!

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
J. R.	2	0	0	An <i>useful</i> Sovereign, E. M.	1	0	0
R. L.	0	10	0	J. F.	0	2	6
W. B.	0	5	0	An Enemy to Persecution	0	5	0
J. S.	0	5	0	From Mr. Radicals'	1	0	0

TO MR. HOWARD FISH, LONDON.

CITIZEN,

Dorchester Gaol, May 27, 1822.

I CAN clearly perceive that you are among those friends who are determined by a preparatory support to encourage me to all that may be in my power to do in the cause of free discussion, in spite of the power of persecution and the persecution of the things in power: so that now I can only offer you my thanks, and promise you my best exertions:

The reason why Castlereagh, Canning, and Co., continue to be the Overseers of this great State Workhouse is, that there are not Paupers enough of your and my disposition to go and take the power, or the right to rule, out of their hands. It is because so many of the things called men in this country are as willing to be Slaves as they are to be Paupers, and are far much too slothful, both mentally and corporeally, to manage and look well after their own affairs. The best thing we can do for the moment is, to remove as much of our burthens as possible upon the shoulders of those who are willing to carry without whip or spur, and who feel honoured in the notion of being even the Pack-Horses of Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Priestcraft.

Eager as I know you have ever been to see the things called men act as men, you must feel some pleasure, as I do, in the progress of change even about the Exchange: and, for my part, I am very apt to think that this part of the Paupers could not have been under the tuition and guardianship of better Overseers than Castlereagh, Canning, and Liverpool, or men who starve all their inmates

because there is a lamentable superabundance of food in the store!

With a hope that enough of the Paupers may speedily throw off their chains and badges, and resolve to make the most of the produce of their own labour, by managing their own affairs, I remain, ready not only to cheer them on, but to lend a hand, yours, &c.

R. CARLILE.

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

FELLOW CITIZEN,

London, May 20, in the Era
of the Carpenter's Wife's Son.

I HAVE to thank your correspondent Mr. Smithson, for the proposition he has submitted for the payment of the enormous fines imposed on yourself and Sister; and although circumstances prevent my complying fully with the plan, I beg to do myself the honour of handing you the sum of one pound, being half the proposed amount; trusting at the same time, you will take the will for the deed.

In looking back to the commencement of our career, and at the determined opposition our principles have met with, I cannot but congratulate you, and the Republicans and Deists generally, upon the extraordinary progress they have made. We have not only had to encounter the persecution of the ruling despots and their agents, but we have had also nearly the whole press of the country, libelling, misrepresenting and holding us up to the detestation of a prejudiced people. Yet still, notwithstanding the efforts and artifices of the whole host of our opponents, *Republicanism and Deism advances, while Superstition and Tyranny shrinks at its approach.*

Among the numerous denominations of priests with which this country is infested, I know of none so mean, so contemptible, and detestable, as the popular or dissenting preachers of the day. It is the practice of these men to be continually crying out against persecution, they tell us Christianity does not want the aid of the law to support it—but mark their consistency, they make a great fuss and bother about men being persecuted for their opinions. Yet not one of these men, no, not even the Unitarians or Freethinking Christians have yet subscribed a single penny towards the payment of your fines. Surely, they do not mean to suffer you and your family to remain in dungeons during the remainder of your lives, for the want of their assistance, is this Christian charity,—is this doing unto others as they would be done by? What! is it possible that these men who were so sensibly alive to their duties as Christians, who so loudly and boldly declaimed against your persecutors, can suffer this. No, Sir, do not believe it; they cannot, they will not be silent spectators while

you and your family are in this situation. Without doubt, Sir, they will call public meetings, they will open subscriptions at their chapels, and in short, adopt every necessary measure in your behalf. Can any one do that violence to their feelings, to imagine that Dr. Rudge, whom you so materially benefitted, by condescending to notice his letters, will be the ungrateful wretch to suffer you to linger in a dungeon while he is enjoying the advantages derived from his correspondence with you. Christians, Sir, must be different from other men, if they can forget so easily the obligations they have been under to individuals when in different circumstances. Mr. Wait too, I do not remember to have seen his name in the list of your subscriptions, but doubtless it must have escaped my observation, he cannot have forgotten his duty so far as to have omitted sending his mite.

Wishing you and your fellow prisoners, Mrs. and Miss Carlile, every comfort you can enjoy in your present situation, and that Republicans and Deists may steadily adhere together, and propagate their opinions.

I remain your Fellow Citizen and labourer,

D. KING.

John Street, (commonly Saint John Street)
Smithfield.

TO MR. D. KING.

CITIZEN,

Dorchester Gaol, May 26.

ACCEPT my thanks for taking upon you the two thousandth part of mine and my sister's fines, for though I am willing to give up every atom of my own property towards meeting them, I do hold it to be the duty of every man who calls himself an enemy to persecution, whether he be of my opinion or not, to take a portion of those fines upon himself. My crime, and that of my sister, is the publication of a book that questions the truth and validity of the Christian system of religion. I published that book under a conviction that it contained more truth than does the Christian system of religion, or all the books connected with that system: and in doing this I conceived I performed a duty, a virtuous duty, as a member of the community, under an

(To be continued.)

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